

.... CONCERT

Tuesday, December 18, 1900

.....GAUL'S.....

“RUTH”

With Orchestral Accompaniment,

....GIVEN BY....

Knox Church Choir

....ASSISTED BY....

MISS EVA N. ROBLYN, Soprano;
MR. J. W. FETHERSTONE, Tenor;
MR. H. RUTHVEN McDONALD, Basso;
MR. ROSELLE POCOCKE, Violin;
MR. WALDEMAR BLUETHNER, Accompanist.
THE MUSICAL SOCIETY ORCHESTRA.

MR. F. L. EVANS, - CONDUCTOR.

*The Piano used at this Concert is a "Gerhard-Heintzman," and from the
Warerooms of W. McPhillips, 189 Dundas Street.*

... PROGRAMME ...

PART I.

1. Schubert, - - - Overture, - - - "Rosamunde"
MUSICAL SOCIETY ORCHESTRA.
2. Clay, - - - - - "Sands O'Dee"
MR. H. RUTHVEN McDONALD.
3. Nicolao, - - - - - "Protect Us Thro' the Coming Night"
MISS ROBLYN, MESSRS. J. W. FETHERSTONE AND H. R. McDONALD.
4. Mendelssohn, - - - - - "Violin Concerto"
MR. ROSELLE POCOCCO.
5. (a) Loraine, - - - Intermezzo, - - - "Salome"
(b) Soderman, - - - March, - - - "Rural Wedding"

PART II.

RUTH

CHARACTERS.

NAOMI,	-	-	-	MISS LEYS
RUTH,	-	-	-	MISS ROBLYN
ORPAH,	-	-	-	MISS M. KEMP
BOAZ,	-	-	-	MR. H. W. GIVINS

PART I.

SORROW.

In the Country of Moab, and on the road to Bethlehem.

CHORUS.

A grievous famine smote the land,
And chasten'd Judah's children sore;
It was the Lord's divine command
That earth her fruits should yield no more!
O praise the Lord! He knoweth best
When peace and plenty to accord;
To Him all things are manifest.
O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord!

And now to Him it seemeth good
Again to send His people bread;
And where of late gaunt Famine stood
Sweet Plenty raiseth up her head!
O praise the Lord! He knoweth best
When peace and plenty to accord;
To Him all things are manifest.
O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord!

RECITATIVE AND AIR.—*Naomi.*

Now go your ways, my daughters well-beloved;
Return ye each unto your mother's house;
The Lord deal kindly with ye, as ye both
Have dealt with those departed, and with me.

O gracious Lord, cast down Thine eyes
Upon Thy servant here,
And grant me strength thro' life's brief length
My earthly woes to bear.

It hath seem'd well, Almighty God,
That I should chasten'd be;
But O, I would not stay the rod,
For all is known to Thee!

If by the way I faint and fall,
Of burdens sore complain,
Desert me not, but strength allot,
That I may rise again!
And when my life on earth is o'er,
Have mercy, Lord, on me,
And let me dwell for evermore
In Paradise with Thee!

CHORAL RECITATIVE.

They lifted up their voice and wept again,
For grief and sorrow dwelt within their hearts.

TRIO.—*Naomi, Orpah, and Ruth.*

Naomi.

Farewell! the hour has come for parting!
Farewell! love's link must break at last!
Heed not the truant teardrops starting;
They do but greet the mirror'd past!

Orpah.

"Farewell!" the word is all unspoken!
"Farewell!" it cannot yet be said!
For O, our hearts will then be broken,
And peace for ever from us fled!

Ruth.

Alas! and must we from thee sever?
Alas! our souls are wrung with pain;
O say not it must be for ever,
But soon our lives will join again!

Naomi.

Alas ! my soul is fill'd with sorrow,
Alas ! to part is bitter pain ;
Yet comfort from this promise borrow,
In Heaven we shall meet again !
Farewell !

Ah, no !

Farewell !

Ah, no !

Ye may no more beside me stay !
O we will cleave to one another !
Alas !

It may not be—away !

SOLO.—*Ruth.*

Entreat me not, to leave thee, or to return from following after thee ; for whither thou goest, I will go ; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge : thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God : where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried : the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.

CHORUS.

Speak ! art thou that Naomi, daughter,
Who left us when famine was here ?
When streams were despoil'd of their water,
And Earth was all barren and sere !
Yea ! thou art the one who departed
With husband and sons in the past ;
Say, why art thou sorrowful-hearted
Now home thou art welcom'd at last ?

RECITATIVE.—*Naomi.*

Call me not Naomi,
For grief and woe are mine :
The Lord hath dealt full bitterly,
It was His will divine !
I went out full from Bethlehem,
All empty come I now,
Yet to the High God's just decree
My head I humbly bow.

CHORUS.

Weep no more, for we will cheer thee !
Weep no more, but dry thine eyes !
To our hearts we will endear thee !
From thy sorrow, daughter, rise !
Weep no more, the Lord will aid thee ;
He ne'er faileth in distress ;
Bygone woes have only made thee
Fitter for new happiness !
Weep no more !
O weep no more !

PART II.

JOY.

In the harvest-field, at the abode of Naomi, and at the Gate of Bethlehem.

CHORUS OF REAPERS.

See ! the golden rays of morning
Now the meadows are adorning ;
Earth is from all gloomy shadows,
Born of sombre Night, releas'd !
O'er the crest of distant mountain,
O'er the brook and bubbling fountain,
Gleam anew the waking sunbeams ;
Day appears within the East !

While the pearly dewdrops glisten
To the cornfields let us hasten,
There with songs of praise to lighten
Hours that are ordain'd for toil ;

Blithely we will do our reaping,
Still within our mem'ry keeping
Thoughts of Him who, in His mercy
Giveth us the fruitful soil !

See ! the morn, with pointed finger,
Biddeth us no longer linger,
Warneth 'tis the time for labor
Golden stems of corn among.
To the fields then let us hasten
While the pearly dewdrops glisten,
There the hours of toil to lighten
With thanksgiving and with song !

CHORAL RECITATIVE.

Namoi had a kinsman of her husband's, a mighty man of wealth, whose name was Boaz.

AIR.—*Ruth.*

Let me hie unto the field
Where the reapers reap the corn ;
Scatter'd ears the ground will yield,
Fallen since the dewy morn.
Kindly hearts I there may find—
Hearts that will not this deny,
While the golden sheaves they bind
To the sickles' melody.

'Mid the drooping sheaves to glean
Let me now, I pray thee, go ;
Where the reaper's scythe hath been
Ears of golden corn lie low.
Homeward then, with yellow spoil,
I shall haste at close of day,
Having gather'd from the soil
Wealth that others cast away.

RECITATIVE.—*Naomi.*

Go, my daughter, and may thy gleaning prosper ;
May plenty cross thy footsteps, and thy heart,
When thou returnest home, be fill'd with joy
That dieth not to-day, but liveth on
Till thou from earthly scenes art call'd away !

AIR.—*Boaz.*

Go not from hence, my daughter,
But glean between the sheaves ;
The field is mine, and all is thine
That ev'ry reaper leaves.
Abide here by my maidens,
And join their mid-day rest ;
No tongue shall say thy gleaning nay,
Or aught thy search molest.

Go not from hence, my daughter,
But to my cornfields keep,
And follow close beside of those
Whose task it is to reap.
Thou shalt not be upbraided,
No voice thy hands shall stay ;
The field is mine, and all is thine
That thou canst glean to-day !

RECITATIVE AND AIR.—*Ruth.*

Why have I found grace in thine eyes, O my lord ?
O my lord ?
Why shouldst thou take knowledge of me, seeing I
am a stranger ?

Past all knowledge
Is the kindness
Thou dost show, my lord, to me ;
I am lowly,
And thy favor
All unmerited must be !
There are many
More deserving,

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

